

1917

# Ching Chong

Lee S. Roberts

J. Will Callahan

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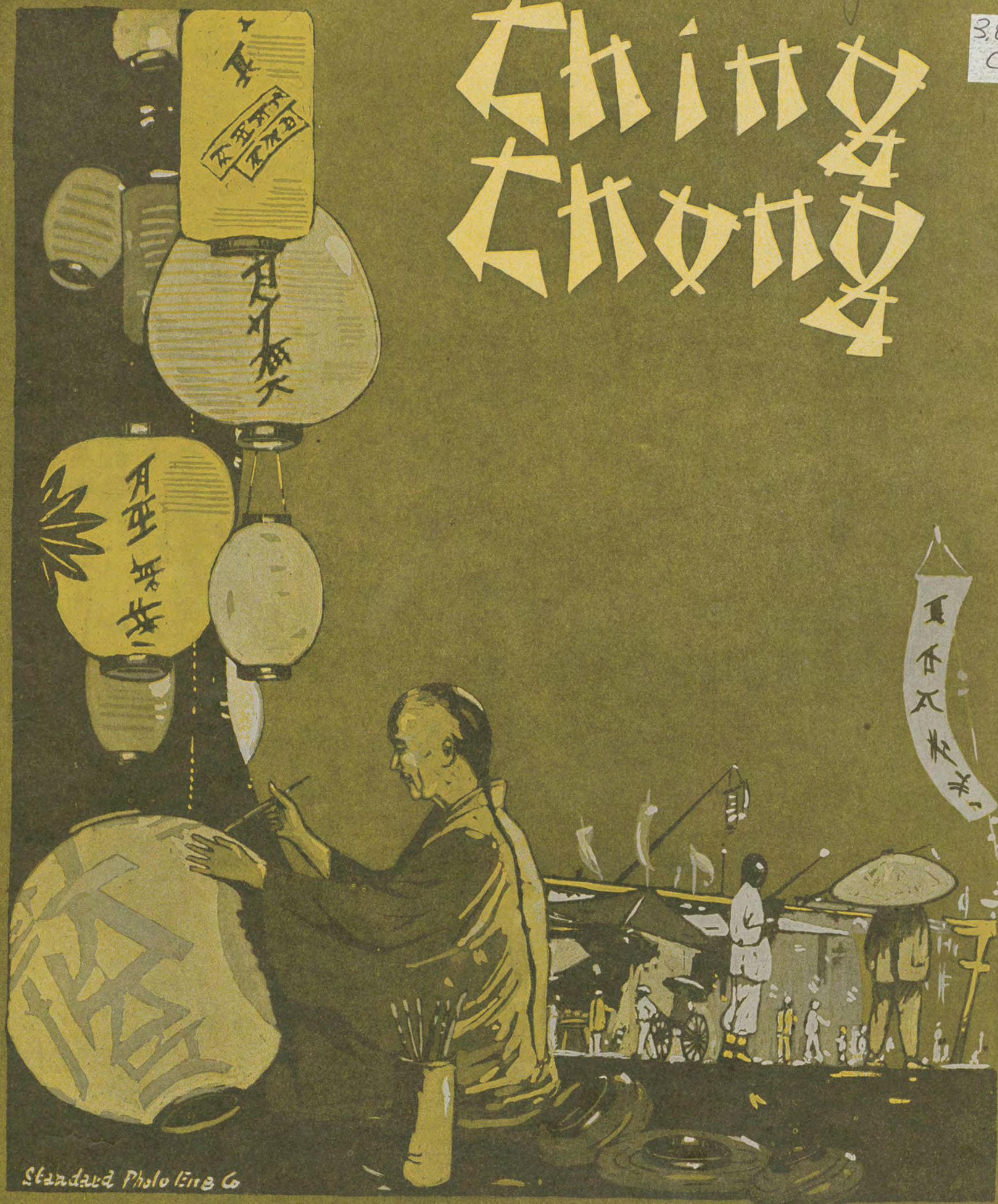
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Chinatown

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Standard Photo Line Co

Words by  
J. Will Callahan

Music by  
Lee S. Roberts

Published by  
Lee S. Roberts  
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## CHING CHONG

Words by  
J. WILL CALLAHAN

Music by  
LEE S. ROBERTS

*Marcia*

Way out in old San Fran There is a Chi - na - man Who's known for  
When you're in Fris - co town Don't fail to stop a - round And see this

miles a - round, \_\_\_\_\_ Won - der - ful place he keeps Down where he eats  
Ching Chong man, \_\_\_\_\_ Won - der - ful things you'll learn Down where the tor -

and sleeps way un - der - neath the ground; \_\_\_\_\_ Each night the fes - tive chinks  
ches burn He'll show you all he can; \_\_\_\_\_ Then when the time is ripe



Come there to wink and blink, And dream a - way the hours, ——— They sing this fun-  
He'll fill your lit - tle pipe, And then a light he'll bring, ——— Gent - ly you'll float.

- ny song While they are born a - long On beds of pop - py flow'rs. ———  
a - way Far out on Slum - ber Bay, And soft - ly you will sing.

**CHORUS**  
Ching Chong, Oh Mis-ter Ching Chong, You're the King of Chi - na - town,

Ching Chong, I love your sing - song When you have turned the lights all down;

Ching Chong, just let me swing 'long Thru the realms of drow - sy - land, ——— Dream - ing

while stars are beam - ing ——— Oh Mis-ter Ching Chong, sing - song man. ——— man.



# Alexander's Back from Dixie With His Rag-time Band

Words by LEW COBWELL

Music by PETE WENDLING

*Lively*

Lis - ten Boys, - what's the noise? -  
Hear the flute, - toot, toot, toot, -

Some - thing 'bout it sounds fa - mil - iar, Don't that mu - sic seem to thrill yer, Hear that drum,  
When that band starts in a - play - ing I just want to start a - pray - ing, Full of Pep,

rum, tum, tum, - It's Al - ex - and - er's Rag - time Band, - Come on and  
keep in step, - When the band goes march - ing by, It sounds so

hear, - come on and hear, - It's the fin - est in the land. -  
sweet, - it can't be beat, - I feel so hap - py I could cry.

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LEE S. ROBERTS

Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago